

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. XVIII.

BOSTON, MARCH, 1910.

No. 10

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY, EXCEPT AUGUST: 50 cents a year.
Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second
class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

CONTENTS OF NO. 10.

THE WIND OF MARCH: J. G. WHITTIER	117
THE HEAVENLY PEACE: E. H. SEARS	117
THE STILL HOUR	120
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	121
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL:— HOME: E. E. HALE	124
NATURAL HISTORY:— ADVENTURE WITH A RHINOCEROS	125
THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN	126
EDITOR'S CORNER	127
THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE	128
IMPORTANT NOTICES	128

THE WIND OF MARCH.

Up from the sea the wild north wind is
blowing

Under the sky's gray arch;
Smiling, I watch the shaken elm-boughs,
knowing
It is the wind of March.

Between the passing and the coming season,
This stormy interlude
Gives to our winter-wearied hearts a reason
For trustful gratitude.

Welcome to waiting ears its harsh forewarning
Of light and warmth to come,
The longed-for joy of Nature's Easter
morning,
The earth arisen in bloom!

In the loud tumult winter's strength is break-
ing;
I listen to the sound,
As to a voice of resurrection, waking
To life the dead, cold ground.

Between these gusts, to the soft lapse I
hearken
Of rivulets on their way;
I see these tossed and naked tree-tops darken
With the fresh leaves of May.

This roar of storm, this sky so gray and
lowering
Invite the airs of Spring,
A warmer sunshine over fields of flowering,
The bluebird's song and wing.

Closely behind, the Gulf's warm breezes
follow
This northern hurricane,
And, borne thereon, the bobolink and swallow
Shall visit us again.

And, in green wood-paths, in the kine-fed
pasture
And by the whispering rills,
Shall flowers repeat the lesson of the Master,
Taught on his Syrian hills.

Blow, then, wild wind! thy roar shall end in
singing,
Thy chill in blossoming;
Come, like Bethesda's troubling angel,
bringing
The healing of the Spring.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE HEAVENLY PEACE.

The imagination paints the heavenly
state as one of eternal peace, the sunshine
after storm, the haven securely reached
after the waves of trouble have ceased to
roll. But let us be careful not to confound
two very different things. Peace is not
rest or repose. It is the highest and most
intense activity, but the activity of con-
cording elements. When the elements con-
flict and counter-work each other, they pro-
duce a state of war; when they join and act
as one, the result is the most perfect life
and the profoundest peace.

1. This preliminary state is called one
of warfare; not primarily because we have
to contend with evils external to us, but
because the elements of the warfare are
within us. Within is the battle-plain be-
tween self and God, between the opposing
forces of heaven and hell. One comes on as
the other recedes, one towers in its strength
as the other becomes weak and slinks away.
When the selfish nature is entirely subdued
and expelled, then God becomes all in all,

inspiring all our affections, tingeing all our fancies, swaying all our faculties; and, when this work is complete, we are lost in God; and this is heaven. There is no more conflict in the soul, for the victory is gained. All its powers are in harmony, and all its motions are sphere-melodies. Peace is the profound hush and tranquillity after all our evil dispositions have been expunged, and, the activities of our higher nature are unimpeded and uncontrolled. Then comes a new sense of the Divine presence, and clearer perceptions of the Divine attributes and person, fulfilling the promise, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Just in the degree that evil goes out of us, God comes within us, and he is the peace supreme. We get foregleams of this even now, for, when sinful passions are hushed or expelled, and doubts that went over our sky have cleared off, the soul opens inward even up to God, and he floods all her faculties with sunshine, suggesting that noontide of the divine glory, when, in the body celestial, with the susceptibilities quickened and the faculties exalted and new-organized, God shall be her sun that never sets and her moon that never wanes.

"No sun arose,—I saw no moon
Go paling through the air;
God's glorious presence, like the sun,
Was here,—was everywhere;
It brooded o'er the flowering plains,
On all the hills it glowed;
If here I looked, or there I looked,
I saw the face of God."

If we stop here, and only conceive of heaven as being that state where self is extinguished, God is in all and all are in him, we have a vivid idea of its unchanging bliss and its golden peace.

2. But, further than this, we get a very distinct conception of the moralities of heaven as an essential element in its happiness. Conceive that social state which results from the extinction of selfish loves, where the good of all others is the supreme object for which every one lives, where there are no by-ends, no exclusively private interests to be made paramount, but where each lives for all and all for each; conceive this, and you get an idea of the moralities of heaven. The more of happiness there is for all, the more there is of rejoicing for every one; for each lives in all, and all in each, and the whole in God. Think of the sources of our trouble here. Our pride is mortified, our social ambition is frustrated; somebody is above us, and our envy rankles; somebody is below us, and we scorn them; somebody

has wronged us, and we brood upon the injury. Or private good, and not social, is made sole and paramount, and then we clutch for our portion, that we may enjoy it alone, and hence lust and avarice with their grovelling train. But, when the grand crisis resolves humanity into its elements, these last pass off to that scale that slides downward toward the abysses, while the others rise into the purpling ethers that ever lie on the celestial summits as a smile dropped from the face of God. In that hallowed air self cannot breathe, and on those sky-bathed summits every one lives for every other one, and thus the bliss of all is poured in full measure into the heart of each, and there is no discording element, but one pulse-beat of everlasting love.

3. There is another element of the heavenly happiness. We do not know each other now. We shall know each other then. These fleshly externals do as much to conceal us as to reveal us to each other. Through these dull instrumentalities we utter ourselves imperfectly, and sometimes we utter what we never intended. Even the poet, who becomes golden-mouthed, halts and stammers in provincialisms, and we wonder what he means. We tune our pipes and launch out bravely for the sphere-melodies, but break down into tavern music. Hence the clouds and separations that often come in between hearts that do not know each other, and cause the love of many to wax cold. Hence the suspicions and misconstructions that infect human intercourse here below. Suppose all these to be removed. Suppose these clumsy externals that lie upon the spirit, and which she vainly endeavors to struggle through to have fallen away. Suppose the outward man so to answer to the inward that it mirrors forth as in God's crystals, so that souls lie open to each other as the day, and nothing hinders the interflashings of the sunshine, and we have supposed nothing more than our whole doctrine necessities and the Scriptures describe. "The earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God." "We see now through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I am known." The imagination can hardly depict too vividly the elevation of the social state through the removal of earthly clogs and concealments, and the giving the sons of God to each other without reserve.

4. There is still another element of the heavenly happiness. It follows logically, from the doctrine of the resurrection, that it will introduce us to new facilities for the

acquisition of knowledge and the development of a higher intelligence. What hinders us here? The limitations of the natural body and the grossness and clumsiness of its instrumentalities. Our knowledge of things now is for the most part mere surface knowledge. Even matter, that we handle so much, we only know by its external properties. But rising out of its sphere and being new organized for higher acquisitions, we shall see things in their internal principles and causes, and not merely in their gross results, not "through a glass darkly," but "face to face." Chalmers, Taylor, Dick, and kindred writers, all of them swamped in materialism, give us the privilege of ranging from planet to planet in the resurrection body. They do not seem to consider that much better than these excursions into outer space would be a knowledge of the first principles whence all this goodly universe was evolved; that to approach undazzled the primal essence, whence suns and stars and galaxies rolled out like sparkles from an undying flame, is to comprehend more perfectly than to roam over its surfaces and square miles. To reason from spiritual things down to natural, or from the centre to the surface, is to reason surely and rapidly; for the eye gathers up the results in groups and classes. Knowing things in their principles and causes, we shall know the rest without counting up the details. We could know what matter is better by discerning its essence than by handling its forms; we could know what spirit is better by seeing into its life than by counting up its actions. And better than telescopes and crucibles in understanding the universe would be a knowledge of its causes and a perception of its glory and beauty as flashings from the eternal fire.

5. There is another element still. The love of beauty innate in all human hearts in an endowment of our immortal being. It is very true that in the child and in the merely natural man it only ministers to a sensuous gratification, since to them the grand or the beautiful in the external world is not the symbolization of moral and spiritual qualities. They admire it for the form and the coloring, and for nothing more. It is far otherwise after the soul has become new-born and is haunted and tormented with ideals of moral perfection, and yearns to see a nature that shall copy them down upon her tablet or shade them off in her innumerable lines of perspective. She longs to see her conceptions of what is perfect in grace and grandeur exfigured and taking form, the outward answering to the inward,

the real to the ideal, as the sky down in the still lake answers to the sky above, when

"Two equal heavens with rival splendors glow."

Then it is that this world becomes merely a language and a symbol, and the whole beautiful cosmos is loved, not for what it is in itself, but because it seems a reflection—though, alas! how cold and dim!—of something more bright and perfect on the other side of time. Poetry, when doing its highest office, is nothing more than an attempt to make the things that are seen the prints of the things invisible. Imagination, then, becomes a prophet by making nature, with all her treasure-house of imagery, the analogue of what shall be hereafter, or—for it comes to the same thing—of what is already in the human soul waiting for its expression and symbolization. The highest work which genius ever does is to humanize Nature, to take up her forms and images, and set them in new array, and show them aglow with human loves and passions, like precious stones on the high priest's breastplate, whose colors changed and sparkled to the influx of spiritual fire.

Still we confess to the inadequacy of Nature as the expression of our loftiest ideals. The plague-spot of sin and imperfection is on all things here below. In her sublimest moods, in her most charming holiday festival, in the utterance of all her choral voices, the heart revolves the question and demands if this be all. Has God hung down these pictures from his throne as the most perfect imprints of the good and fair, and not rather as dim shadowings of what may be, as helps to our faith and stairs to our thoughts climbing towards realms of a more refulgent summer or a more enduring spring? Is there no world where the worm never gnaws at the root of the rose, where the yellowness of decay never comes upon the woods, or winter never pours over them his desolating howl? Such is the heart's question, after a nature that is above Nature, and art is nothing else than that. It attempts to actualize that conception by stealing from Nature its finest colors and extracting its purest quintessence, and then spreading them out again, and exhibiting them in new combinations upon the easel. But the forms of art are all dead, and we breathe over them the prayer of Pygmalion in vain. Art is the reaching upward and after a more transcendent beauty, and confessing, after her work is done, that she can only give you its corpse without the reality.

It is, therefore, only a fulfilment of the deepest prophesyings of renovated souls,—prophesyings which the poet and the artist utter in broken speech, when the divine Revealers show us a spiritual world that transcends the natural; not the disembodied entities or ghostly abstractions of the metaphysicians, but a world of forms and substances so much nearer in degree to spirit that they pulsate with its life and breathe with its fragrantcy, and put on robes chromatic with all its beauty and quick with all the rustlings of its love; a world of objective scenery, on which ever lies the sweet morning light of subjective peace; a world, therefore whose leaf can never fade and whose flower can never wither, because it wears the colorings of souls that are flooded with the life everlasting. "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, or any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them into the living fountains of waters." "As the appearance of the bow in the cloud in the day of rain, so was the appearance of the brightness round about."—*Edmund Hamilton Sears, in "Foregleams of Immortality."*

THE STILL HOUR.

PEACE, BE STILL.

Tis not, my God, thy chastening hand,
'Tis not the pain I bear,
That hangs upon my drooping heart
This heavy load of care.

But myriads move on winged feet,
Made swift to do thy will,
While thy dread silence on me falls,
Thy mandate,—Peace, be still.

All nature's harps, in endless ranks,
By thy sweet breath are stirred,
And through my prison window float
The sounds of breeze and bird.

Then up and up through golden air,
Beyond time's ebb and flow,
I see the throngs who cast their crowns,
In white robes bending low.

They come and go on flashing wings,
For all thine errands fleet;
While here thy hand is on my lips,
Thy chains are on my feet.

Thus from my bed of chronic pain
I prayed, "Oh, Lord, how long?"
Pining to reap the harvest fields
And sing the harvest song.

And in the hush of silence falls

This answer to my prayer,—
"What gave the throng their flashing wings?
Whence come the robes they wear?"

"Ere yet by word or deed or song,
Made swift to do my will,
They learned it in the trial-hour,
Beneath my Peace, be still!

"And he who walked the garden shades,
The best-beloved Son,
Prayed, ere the strengthening angel came,
Thy will, not mine, be done!"
—*Edmund H. Sears.*

THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

First seek the kingdom of God. It is a condition of soul, by which we enter through the gate of a higher life. It means the enthronement of righteousness, which is right put into service. This is the soul's crown. But this kingdom will not come of itself. It must be sought. Seek it as a pearl of great price. Seek first what God has put first. Jesus would have his disciples seek and find this kingdom just where all the world never thought of looking for it. "The kingdom of God is within you." Jesus lays his ear reverently to the earth to catch the whisper of his Father's spirit that he hears on mountain-top or in the valley. Live by the day, as the birds do. Trouble not about to-morrow. God is bending over you with messages of love. Do not feed the body and starve the soul. The soul must grow and be clothed in righteousness through the spirit of Christ within. He came and toiled and died to bring his kingdom into human hearts. This is his salvation.—*W. P. Tilden, "Leaflets for Lent."*

Let one like Jesus die, and the world draws from his empty tomb a strengthened faith in immortality, from his failure on the earth assurance of a necessary triumph in the skies, from the agony of his cross its supreme illustration of the love of God. Let any noble dear one die, and death becomes a sudden beauty near us,—a glow and not a shadow on the day. At that moment we talk of translations and transfigurations with childlike faith, knowing not one whit more of the life unseen than when groping in our arguments, yet happy and triumphant in a fearless ignorance.—"*The Sparrow's Fall*," *W. C. Gannett.*

THE EASTER HOPE.

Shall we know our friends again? For my own part I cannot doubt it, least of all

when I drop a tear over their recent dust. Death does not separate them from us here. Can life in heaven do it? They live in our remembrance. Memory rakes in the ashes of the dead, and the virtues of the departed flame up anew, enlightening the dim, cold walls of our consciousness. Much of our joy is social here. We only half enjoy an undivided good. God made mankind, but sundered that into men, that they might help one another. Must it not be so there, and we be with our real friends?

There are times when we think little of a future life. In a period of success, serene and healthy life, the day's good is good enough for that day. But there comes a time when this day's good is not enough, its ill too great to bear. When death comes down and wrenches off a friend from our side,—wife, child, brother, father, a dear one taken,—this life is not enough. Oh, no, not to the coldest, coarsest, and most sensual man. I put it to you, to the most heartless of you all or the most cold and doubting: when you lay down in the earth your mother, sister, wife, or child, remembering that you shall see their face no more, is life enough? Do you not reach out your arms for heaven, for immortality, and feel you cannot die? When I see men at a feast or busy in the street, I do not think of their eternal life,—perhaps feel not my own; but, when the stiffened body goes down to the tomb, sad, silent, remorseless, I feel there is no death for the man. That clod which yonder dust shall cover is not my brother. The dust goes to its place, the man to his own. It is then I feel my immortality. I look through the grave into heaven. I ask no miracle, no proof, no reasoning for me. I ask no risen dust to teach me immortality. I am conscious of eternal life.—*Theodore Parker, "Sermon on Immortal Life."*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.]

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

OFFERS.

"Black Beauty" is offered by Miss Bertha Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.

For the following books address Miss Cora A. Tilden, 63 Maple Street, Milton, Mass.: "Picciola"; "Paul and Virginia"; "Thaddeus of Warsaw"; "Scottish Chiefs"; "A Parish of Two"; "Old Curiosity Shop," Dickens; "The Bravo," Cooper; "St. Katherine's by the Tower"; "Gloria Mundi," Harold Frederic; "Sesame and Lilies," Ruskin; "The Hermitage," E. R. Sill (poems); "The Filigree Ball," Greene; "The Cost," Phillips; "Jan of the Windmill," Ewing; "Stories from Arabian Nights"; "The Reproach of Annesley," Maxwell Grey; "Audrey," Mary Johnston; "The Wolf at the Door"; "Ten Times One is Ten," E. E. Hale; "Penny Lancaster," Farmer; "The Browns"; "Reveries of a Bachelor," Marvel; "Bonnycastle," Holland; "The Tent on the Beach," Whittier.

The following books are offered by (Miss) Ellen E. Harrington, Lexington, Mass.: "The Understanding Heart," Crothers; "The Simple Life," Wagner; "In His Steps," Sheldon; "Foregleams of Immortality," Sears; "Men of Letters, 1887," H. E. Scudder; "Handbook of Conversation," Peabody; "Memoir of Gov. George L. Briggs," Richards; "Life of Charles Sumner," Nason; "Life of William Glazier" (sword and pen), Owens; "Journal of Home Life," Elizabeth Sewell; "Louie's Last Term"; "Heidi," Melcon; "Wonder Book and Tanglewood Tales," Hawthorne; "General Sherman" (in words of one syllable); "The Hero of Pine Ridge"; "The True Story of Christopher Columbus"; "The Children's Shakespeare," Nesbit; "Happy Hours"; "Children at Home"; Whittier's "Poems," vol. i.; "Where Life is Real," Helen Hale; "Her Memory," Maarten Maartens; "A House Party," American Authors; "The Ralstons," 2 vols., M. Crawford; "The Etching and Letters"; "Wings of the Morning," Tracy; "Tom Brown's School Days," Hughes; "The Antiquary," Guy Mannering, Scott; "Shirley," Currer Bell; "Vicar of Wakefield," Goldsmith; "Saint Luke and Saint Paul," "Modern Reader's Bible"; "Crumbs from the King's Table"; "Imitation of Christ," A Kempis; "What is the Bible?" Sunderland; "Bible Text Cyclopaedia"; "Portable Commentary"; "Dictionary of the Bible, 1875," Smith; "Hamlet," Rolfe; "An Encore," M. Deland; "Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism, 1903," Painter; "The Making of English Literature, 1907," Crawshaw; "Student's Imperial Dictionary"; "Tan and Murry's Geography, 1902"; "Arithmetic by Grades," Nos. 2 and 7; "Nature Reader," No. 2;

"Elementary German Grammar," Otto; "Les Mythologies," Laure Bernard; "Exercises in Latin Prose," Jones; "Cicero," "Latin Grammar," Allen and Greenough; "Terence"; "Cato Major"; "Horace."

REQUESTS.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

1. Miss Ella Hart, Lamesa, Texas, Dawson County, will be pleased to receive reading of any kind, books, novels, periodicals. All sent will be passed on to some worthy person.

2. I have not received any literature except the *Cheerful Letter*, very regularly, in a long time and would appreciate some reading very much. I am anxious to receive Mary J. Holmes's books, except "English Orphans" and "Ethelyn's Mistake,"—I have these two,—some of L. D. Mead's books; "Little Women"; "Arms and the Woman," by MacGrath; "Audrey," by Mary Johnston; "Graustark" and "Beverly of Graustark," by McCutcheon; "The Crisis," by Churchill; "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," by Bacheller; "Lavender and Old Lace," by Myrtle Reed; "The Princess Virginia," by C. U. and A. M. Williamson; "The Prisoner of Zenda," by Anthony Hope. I have been a partial shut-in again the past two years, and reading is a great comfort to me. Would also like very much to receive current numbers of *Century* or *Harper's Magazine*. The dear *Cheerful Letter* friends helped me over some hard shut-in years a while back. (Miss) Bettie J. Robards, Box 143, Oxford, North Carolina.

3. Mrs. Alice Adkisson, Lamesa, Texas, will be thankful for reading for herself and family, also desires recitations, dialogues, songs with music, or anything suitable for a Sunday-school rally. All reading will be passed on. Would be glad to have King's Daughters' Year Book.

4. It has been quite a while since I wrote you. I am enjoying the magazine so much this winter. I did not get it for some time, and I felt as if I had lost an old friend. I want to thank those who have remembered me with reading this winter. I am always so glad to get any. Would it be asking too much to ask you to send Æsop's "Fables" and a book of short poems and memory gems for primary grade to my sister, Miss Mary H. Taylor? James River, Virginia,

R. F. D. No. 2, Box 8? She is teaching there and wishes the books very much, and will be so thankful for them if any one can send them to her. Yours most gratefully, Miss Virginia A. Taylor, Aqua, Rockbridge County, Virginia.

5. I have received so many nice pictures that I am taking the liberty to use the paper again, to thank those whose addresses I have lost. My school-room does not look like the same. I have also received a few school books, which I appreciate; but, as my pupils are all supplied with text-books, I should prefer some standard books by good authors. My object is to create an interest in my scholars for good reading. I should be glad to receive a copy of the *Pictorial Review* or the *Delineator* occasionally. It will be a help to others as well as to myself. Address (Miss) Daisy Shelton, Spencer, Virginia, R. F. D. 1.

6. Mr. Edward Kerlin, Fountain Spring House, Waukesha, Wisconsin, asks for any good histories, also any of the following magazines (after the sender has read them): *The World's Work*, *Review of Reviews*, or *Literary Digest*. Mr. Kerlin is a young man and a student.

7. I come asking for reading for my mamma and myself. We live on a farm nine miles from the nearest depot and have but few advantages. My parents belong to the Christian Church, and Rev. Mr. Knibb, Spencer, Virginia, is pastor of their church. I would like to receive cards and to correspond with some one near my own age. I shall soon be fourteen years old. (Miss) Maud Brown, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina.

8. Please excuse me for coming again so soon, but I come this time asking for reading for my son's wife; anything, books, magazines, or papers new or old, would be most welcome. Her address is Mrs. E. C. Wann, Wannville, Alabama. I have received two books since we came here, for which I was most thankful. (Mrs.) Ada V. Wann, Wannville, Alabama.

9. Mrs. W. R. Ratcliffe, Athens, Texas, Route 2, asks for reading for herself and her ten-year-old daughter and two boys ages seven and fifteen years. She would also appreciate a fashion magazine.

10. Mrs. Rozetta Winslow, Box 28, Morrisville, Vermont, will be very glad of good reading. Mrs. Winslow is a shut-in.

11. Joseph Hazeltine, Watertown, South Dakota, is very anxious to obtain James G. Blaine's "Twenty Years of Congress"; would be willing to pay for a second-hand set.

12. Mrs. W. M. Marsh, Aulander, North Carolina, asks for "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Snow-bound," Henry's Commentary on the Bible, or any good reading.

13. I should like to receive books, magazines, in fact, any kind of reading for myself and family. I have nine children in ages from one to twenty years, and am not able to afford good reading matter. My oldest son would like to receive books on all kinds of engineering. I do hope I may receive some reading and some nice letters. I wait patiently to hear from any one with books or magazines to spare. Mrs. Susie D. Smith, Yates Centre, Kansas.

14. It has been some time since I have written to you, and the cold winter days are here now. I would like some good reading for myself and five little children: the children would like a few school books, pictures, papers, and books with pictures. I would like to correspond with some one. Mrs. Susie M. Turner, Dodson, Virginia.

15. Mrs. W. W. Bassett, Preston, Virginia, mother of twelve children, six boys and six girls, ages one year to twenty. The larger ones are boys, except one girl, eighteen. They live in the country with limited advantages, and will be grateful for any reading, especially *McCall's Magazine*.

16. We would be glad of some good reading, also letters and cards. I ask for some books suitable for my children, ages five years, four, and eighteen months. Thanking you very much for all favors, (Mrs.) Lon N. Turner, Dodson, Virginia, R. F. D. 1.

17. Mrs. Lizzie Nolen, Elamsville, Virginia, living in the country, will be glad of any reading or cards.

18. Please remember me with some good reading, also letters or cards, to help me pass the lonely hours. I am fifty-two years old: all of my children have married and left me, but one. I get very lonely sometimes and would like to correspond with some of the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Mrs. Judie A. Nolen, Elamsville, Virginia.

19. I am a young minister of the gospel, only twenty-one years, am very poor, not

able to buy the necessary books I need in the ministry. What I want most is a Red Letter Bible. I will appreciate any good religious reading. Mr. Posey L. Nolen, Elamsville, Virginia.

20. I thank you all who so kindly remembered me at Christmas. I have tried to answer all who wrote to me, but may have missed some, and want you to know how grateful I am. We had a nice tree, and the exercises by the children were good; and the children all enjoyed it. Perhaps you all do not know there are children in the rural districts who do not know the meaning of Christmas, and never saw a Christmas card, and not only children, but grown-ups as well. They know we have Christmas, but do not know what it is for. I hope you will not think me selfish, but I would be so glad to have a fashion magazine, if any one would pass one on after they are through with it; and there are three books I would be so glad to have for our library. I want them for the girls to read. The books are "The Wide Wide World," "Stepping Heavenward," and "Jane Eyre." Will be thankful for any good reading. Such papers as *Our Dumb Animals* and *Every Other Sunday* we will be thankful to get for the children. Thanking you all again for your kindness, and may the New Year bring you all many blessings, Mrs. J. Porter, Doerun, Colquitt County, Georgia, R. F. D. No. 3.

21. Elizabeth A. Hatley, Albemarle, Stanley County, R. F. D. 3, Box 85, North Carolina, would like a book on knitting and crocheting.

22. Rev. M. N. Royal, Cottage Grove, Alabama, is in much need of and will be very grateful for "History of Education," Seeley; "Zoölogy," Jordan; "General History," Meyers; and "International Law," Woolsey.

Mrs. W. T. A. Haynes, Ettricks, passed away. Her husband writes the following; "I have the notice of expiration of Mrs. Haynes's subscription to *Cheerful Letter*. She passed to her reward on Oct. 22, 1909, but her attachment to her paper and to the friends with whom she became acquainted through the *Cheerful Letter* was so tender that I wish to have it continued to me. There are two boys, one nine and the other ten; and they have been greatly benefited by the books and papers which have come to us through your society. Please send to 414 Halifax Street, Petersburg, Virginia, instead of Ettricks as before. I am pastor

of the Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church South in Petersburg, Virginia, (Rev.) W. T. A. Haynes."

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

Mrs. Lessie Lee Parker, Polkton, North Carolina, writes: "My address is changed from Polkton, North Carolina, to Peachland, North Carolina. Peachland is a small town, a very good school, two churches, seven stores, and a railroad station."

Rev. W. R. Chapman from Bealeton to Stuart, Patrick County, Virginia.

Mrs. A. E. Hicks is now at Munroe, Virginia.

Miss Jeanetta Hawkins from Indianapolis to Box 43, Acton, Indiana.

Miss E. M. Ingraham from Dover to Barrington, New Hampshire, care of George Chesley.

I noticed the ad in the *Good Housekeeping* and thought I could supply a cheerful letter. My sister and I are living on claims out here in the West, which we find quite different from any of our other experiences. Our houses are fourteen feet square, built of sod, with lumber roof and floor, one double window on the south and door with glass window on the south, both alike and five miles apart; size of claim six hundred and forty acres; furniture, stove, home-made table, cot bed, two hay beds, and one chair. Store, three and one-half miles. At the present writing we are in one cabin with a dog named Joe and a horse named John, nice and glossy, color black, with a two-wheel, red cart, with which we bring supplies from the store, also coal sometimes fifty, sometimes one hundred pounds. Our neighbors are a mile away, and most of them more than one. Our health is fine, and our experiences are varied. All the neighbors are more than kind. December has been one continuous snowstorm almost, seldom two days at a time of pleasant weather. One very cold day my sister and I had been to the school-house, as she is the teacher, to make out the last reports. On our way home there was an extreme cold wind in our face all the way, and we were more than chilled. My sister attended to the horse when we reached home, and I made the fire and warmed the house. And we were just getting ready for supper when the dog barked. My sister rushed out, as

she heard a team: it was long after dark. And I heard some one say, "Can we stay all night?" I went out then, and there was one of our neighbors who lived over three miles away with four children, eldest nine, youngest less than two years. I took them in one at a time and stood them near the stove to warm. My sister went with the woman to help her unhitch the horses, which was a nice cold job. When they both came in, we had a nice picnic in cold weather. I made a roaring fire, and, as they had plenty of quilts from the wagon, I put them on the floor around the stove, and they looked so nice and warm and cunning. Our table was too small, and so we all ate our supper around the warm fire. At night my sister and I took one bed, the mother and her baby the other, and, putting the quilts on the floor, made a nice warm bed for the three children, and we were all nice and warm and cosy for the night. Our guest had been to the spade for coal, and, as her husband was away, had no one to leave her children with. I thought if I could write a cheerful letter I would be glad to do so.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

HOME.

Can you or can you not make home the most agreeable place in the five continents or in the islands of the ocean? Can you make boy or girl look back to home, and home as it was, though the boy or girl live to be a hundred years old? "Though it's ever so humble, There's no place like home," is the refrain of Howard Payne's song. The home to which he looked back was a poor little house in Dorchester, and his father,—well, we will not talk about him; and his mother and Howard Payne and his brothers and sisters had to take care of this cabin, with no "help" or thought of "help." The only story I know of it is that they waked one morning to find that the snow had drifted so that it closed all the windows on the north-west side of the house.

Poor Mrs. Payne accepted the universe and gave out such rations as she had. But in truth the cupboard was as bare as Dame Hubbard's cupboard was after her dog's visit; and Mrs. Payne had to write a note to say how hungry they were, to tie it round the dog's neck, and to put him out of an attic window. There was the home of which Howard Payne wrote the lines about the thatched cottage. Note, by the way, that he would have said "shingled cottage" if he had been a modern realist, but he

thought "thatched" more poetical than "shingled."

"Frank has asked me to come to play with him. I wish he had not asked me. I do not like to go and play with other children." This seems very hard, and it is. But it shows that little Ahitophel who utters this cry of despair has been trained to the gospel of home, and that is the excuse for him that he does not wish to go and play with the other boy.

In Ahitophel's home his mother has thrown overboard, I dare not try to tell how many operas and tragedies and comedies and vaudevilles and receptions and bridge parties, so that her children might have a good time at home.

Yes, she could have talked on such a night with Louis Agassiz; she gave up an evening with Henry Longfellow; she lost Lowell's account of his dinner party with "the most engaging man in London." But she lost them intentionally, with her eyes and ears open, and fully awake to the gain and the loss, and was glad she lost them. Just so Susan picked the feathers from the quail and partridges which Ahitophel had shot. "How could you bear to take such a nasty job, dear Susan?" "I asked myself whether I wanted this boy to love me with a boy's heart's love more than I wanted to keep my hands clean." And, when to Mrs. Payne or to Ahitophel's mother it was repeated that those boys loved home as if it were heaven, their victory was won.—*Edward Everett Hale.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

ADVENTURE WITH A RHINOCEROS.

(Continued from last number.)

I ceased reading to have a smoke. I had not indulged in twenty whiffs when Captain Rhino became as impatient as the gods of the gallery of a London theatre. He grunted, no reply; grunted again, louder and repeatedly,—no notice taken; grunted very loud and stamped furiously,—same result; then, yes, by all the gods of all the theatres both sides the water, he fairly whistled, pretty much as they do when they want "moosic," only a hundred times louder. My ears were pierced. "What the devil do you make that row for?" I asked, and then came the low guttural murmurs, comparatively, indicating his joy that I was neither dead nor speechless. I began to fancy I should have a regular night of talking and to feel no pleasure in the prospect.

For the present I would humor him. He might grow sleepy or hungry. So I kept up a desultory fire of arrant nonsense between puffs, as "few and far between" as he would let me, and he was tolerably at ease. I had filled and nearly smoked out my meerschaum the third time when I inquired whether his mamma was aware of his being not at home? He was replying in his own murmuring way when a row began upon the eastern lake. Trombones, big drums, thunder, shrill fifes, donkey braying, bagpipes, sharpening of saws, roaring of bulls, dying groans, and squeakings of un-oiled cart wheels, all and sundry, and much more, in a "Dutch medley," entranced the ear. The captain turned his ear toward the water, and looked up at me with an I-know-all-about-it sort of air. It was plain such rows were not new to him. He took the matter philosophically. Presently came more noise and more still, more sounds in greater variety and violence: horrors accumulated "fast and furious." Over the bank, from one lake to the other, rushed, dense masses of saurians, hippopotami, and rhinocerosi, thickly massed till they became tightly wedged, all fighting for precedence. As the tide of battle surged near or remote, the horrible sounds increased or diminished. There was no joy in hearing them. Melody and harmony were conspicuous by their absence, and the screechings, roarings, and croakings of my immediate neighbors were more intolerable still, particularly the ibis and the ostrich. These itinerant nuisances ran backwards and forwards in single file, Indian file, double file, and column; but, whatever the order of their double-quick step, the disorder of their tones was the same. I tried to banish them by the aid of "Pickwick" and by making up my journal for the day while I smoked. That done, I took the straps of my knapsack and haversack, passed them around the branch and my own body, securely buckling them. My roer was laid alongside me, the muzzle toward my feet, everything ready to my hands in the event of danger; and, after commending myself to the care of Him who was as much with me in those wilds as in a temple, I was asleep in two minutes.

At sunrise my leviathan friend had not put in an appearance. I thought him late, but he might not belong to the early-rising association, or was he killed in the last night's *melée*? I was rather anxious, for I wished to know why he had sought me. I was sure he had some reason for doing so. As I took coffee, I saw his head upon the lake like a small boat with one mast and no

sail, the rising protuberance of his hind quarters like another boat "in tow." He swam slowly till the water, or ink, shoaled; then he limped to the bank, up which he got with difficulty, and walked as if he had four wooden legs without knee-joints or ankles, sending forth sounds which I thought denoted gladness to see me. I saluted him with a volley of nonsense as he approached me. I had gone down to meet him—he seemed in great pain, but as pleased as if he had found a fortune. He was very demonstrative, and, being wet, that might have been dispensed with; but he thought otherwise, and his sincerity could not be questioned. I offered biscuit, but of that he took no notice; he rubbed his head against my hand, and placed his face to my chest. I fancy no animal can be more clumsy than a rhinoceros, and, though he was less so than the animals exhibited under that name in Europe, his imitations of the movements of a lively lap-dog were highly ludicrous, but what he wanted in grace he made up in energy, and in displaying it seemed to forget his pain.

I now saw he was not so old as I had thought him. I had seen him at night imperfectly. He was but just at maturity, and an exceedingly fine specimen of his race, that race being what I for want of a better term call the rhinoceros major, classing the inferior animal as the rhinoceros minor. In height he towered far above the ordinary animals I had seen so often, which I had chased and been chased by many times. Subsequently a "tape measure" showed he was fully nine feet eight inches high at the shoulder, at the quarters ten feet three inches. His proportions were good. He had not the distended stomach which is seen in the inferior beast universally. The peculiar folds of the massive and pendulous hide from the shoulder to the quarter gave an appearance, at a distance, of a large "saddle-cloth"; the folds at the bottom had a sort of edge which gave it a finished or ornamental appearance, till he came near, when it was seen that the whole was his natural covering. The edge was darker than the centre within it. All of the superior kind of rhinoceros that I have since seen are distinguished by this natural peculiarity, some having it more marked than "Captain Rhino." At that time the color of his skin was not that of perfect health; great physical suffering made it hot, dry, very rough, and disposed to crack; but it was not of the dirty hue of the filthy marsh beasts, because he bathed so frequently: the others are usually coated with

the mud in which they wallow. The color of Rhino's covering was a blackish brown, or brown streaked with black, when the sun shone upon it,—lighter or tanned on the sides of the mouth, and the upper part of the crest. The *tout ensemble* was good, his organization clearly higher than that of the smaller race. The expression of his face, if that term may be used in such a case, was intelligent, and quite superior to that of the sluggish and swinish breed; his eyes milder, devoid of that sullen, morosely savage, and altogether brutalized look which is so characteristic of the creatures known as rhinoceroses hitherto. I have seen no description of such an animal as I beheld then for the first time, and I could only consider it a very superior variety of the species.

That this animal should, as he clearly did, seek me, seemed more than strange to me. This rhinoceros had not been accustomed to the sight of man; his wonder when he first beheld me proved that, and it was so plainly depicted that I could have no doubt upon the subject; but, having seen me, why should he be so very desirous to get upon good terms with me? I could not understand it then, yet I had not long to wait for a solution of the problem.—*Temple Bar.*

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, Canton Corner, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication), and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

LITERARY CONTEST.

Fill blank spaces with the titles of popular novels.

In the town of C—, not far from T— P— O— L—, lived A— B—, the owner of the M— O— J— F—, with his bride, who was formerly L— D— in the H— O— S— G—. With them lived O— T— and T— S— who went to school to the H— S— and among their schoolmates were T— B— O— R— and D— C—.

II.

ANAGRAMS.

Some Famous Warships.

1. Rice, marm.
2. Is not Nic out. T?

3. Greek Sara.
4. La! A "Maba"!
5. Oh! I mob hard men—C. R.
6. Tin-room.—*Youth's Companion*.

III.

BEHEADINGS.

1. I am a word meaning to transfer to another for an equivalent: behead me, and I am an old measure for cloth.
2. I am a word meaning to despatch: behead me, and I am the last point of anything.
3. I am a word meaning steep: behead me, and I am a musical stringed instrument.
4. I am a word meaning the upper stratum of the earth: behead me, and I am a substance used for illumination.
5. I am a word meaning tasteless from age: behead me, and I am a narrative.

IV.

STOLEN LETTERS.

Famous Persons born in March.

Xaxxs Xaxsxx.

Insert, in place of the x's, 5 consonants and 3 vowels, and make the name of a President of the United States.

Dxxxd Xixxnxsxxe.

Insert, in the place of the x's, 6 consonants and 4 vowels, and make the name of a famous Scotch traveller and author.

Xoxx Xoxhxxr.

Insert, in place of the x's, 4 consonants and 3 vowels, and make the name of a famous French painter.

Answers to Puzzles in the February Number.

I. NOVEL PUZZLE.—1. Ail—nil. 2. Back—lack. 3. Rut—out. 4. Arab—crab. 5. Hail—nail. 6. All—ill. 7. Mad—lad. Abraham Lincoln.

II. CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Buena Vista.

III. SUGGESTIONS.—1. Robin Hood. 2. Cinderella. 3. Robert Burns. 4. Cincinnatus. 5. Martin Luther.

IV. HIDDEN MINERALS.—Zinc, Gold, Silver, Tin, Iron, Coal, Lead, Salt.

THE EDITOR'S CORNER.

The editor has found it very hard this month to limit herself to the small space at her disposal. It would have been a pleasure to give other extracts from the writings of Mr. Sears.

We cannot ever postpone printing any part of the Book Club; for those who ask for books must wait, in any case, several weeks

for a response, and it is not fair to lengthen this period. The Book Club always takes precedence of every other department. Many of our readers care more about the "Mothers' Council" than about any other portion of the paper, and so with every department. To omit it would disappoint some one.

April is the month of the hundredth anniversary of the birthday of James Freeman Clarke, a date interesting to some of our readers. It was our intention, for this reason, to print a sermon by Dr. Clarke in the April number; but the one that seemed best was an Easter sermon. Easter comes early this year, the 27th of March. The best way to meet this difficulty seemed to be to have the April number out early, before Easter, and this is what we hope to do. We shall therefore practically have *two* Easter numbers this year (which, in fact, has been the case once before).

We shall also before long print another sermon or extract from Mr. Sears's books. We have in vain tried to find out the exact date of his birthday.

L. F. C.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love

In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move?

There is, else much more wretched were the case

Of men than beasts. But, Oh! the exceeding grace

Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,

To come to succor us that succor want!
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The yielding skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!

They for us fight; they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant;

And all for love, and nothing for reward;
Oh, why should Heavenly God to men have such regard?

Spenser's "Faërie Queene."

When Christ went up to God, he did not go away from man. He is still the great power in human history, the great motor in human progress. He is still "the word made Flesh, dwelling among us."

J. F. C.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of the *Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No *theology* is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

Givers of books are reminded that only books of an instructive or wholesome nature should be offered in the Book Club. Classics, educational works, and standard novels are always acceptable.

LIBRARY NOTICE.

The *Cheerful Letter* Exchange offers to start a circulating library in any small community needing one, providing proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references supplied.

Apply to Mrs. Irene C. Rees, 51 Orchard Street, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

Subscriptions to *The Cheerful Letter* should be sent to the secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Make checks payable to Lily Blunt Porter.

Headquarters of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange are at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The secretary, Mrs. L. B. Porter, may be found there on Mondays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

There will be a meeting of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange on Friday, March 4, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. All interested are cordially invited to be present.

The Home Study Work of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange offers to help those who wish to improve their education. Lessons will be given in all subjects which can be taught by correspondence, such as Arithmetic, Book-keeping, Algebra, all branches of English, History, Botany, Geography, Languages, Drawing, etc.

Requests for these lessons should be sent to Mrs. Annie F. Hudson, 2 Maple Place, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

THE ATTENTION OF ALL READERS OF "THE CHEERFUL LETTER" IS CALLED TO THE FOLLOWING NOTICE:—

It is a rule of the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange that no one may ask for money, clothing, or other articles, except books and magazines.

The name of any person who fails to obey this rule will be dropped from our list. Any worker receiving such a request should send the letter at once to Headquarters.

The Editor asks POSTMASTERS who send notices of changes of address not to send these notices to the Editor, but to the Secretary, at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Send requests for books and letters of thanks to the Book Club Secretary.

Any subscriber not receiving the paper regularly is requested to notify the Secretary.

Chairman, Miss Helen L. Bayley, 399 Broadway, Cambridge, Mass.

Editor of "The *Cheerful Letter*," Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 80 Goffe Street, Quincy, Mass.

Secretary, Mrs. Lily Blunt Porter, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.